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WHAT THE ÆOLIAN HARP SANG TO THE WIND.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Wave over me, thou Wind!
Wave over me thy swiftly glancing wings!
Thou wak'st the harmony of willing strings,
And a deep, quiet heart within me sings,
Rejoicing, thou Wind!

Within the room apart,
My lady sits, her finger in her book;
I fear the bright anguish of her look—
Wave! that my voice may thaw the frozen brook
Of love within her heart.

Wave! that the drops may spring,
The bright, large tear-drops, in her burning eyes;
Wave! that her breast may heave with woman-sighs,
And when my storm of music, languid, dies,
She will upstart and sing.

Surge over me, thou Brook!
Sway my deep chords with thy untutored fingers;
I love the dewy eloquence which lingers
Upon thy touch, and, like the Minnesingers,
I chant of birds and trees;

Of fields and running streams,
Of mossy stones and walls where lichens grow,
Of still, white cottages with palings low;
And all things beautiful that men can know,
Or image in their dreams!

Wave over me, thou Wind!
Now loud, now low—now martial, now serene;
The moon goes up the sky, like some pale queen
Upon her death-night, and the stars between
Quake beneath her glance, oh, Wind!

And while upon my strings,
I catch the radiance of her downward look,
Which shivers field and wall and running brook,
Oh, Wind! I conjure with my lady's look,
Wave over me the rainbow!

VIOLET;

OR,
THE WONDER OF KINGWOOD CHASE.

BY MERCE JOHAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVII.

The sudden blast of wintry wind which created so wild and deafening a clangor as it swept fiercely through the antique gallery, committing havoc on rusty hauberk, surcoat, and mouldering banners, seemed to have expended its fury when it hurried to the ground the portrait of the bad Baron of Kingswood.

With the uproar of the falling picture the gust died away in one long, mournful moan, which the arched roof echoed again and again.

In a paroxysm of mortal fright, Pharisee fled, and Lord Kingswood was left alone with his senseless wife and unacknowledged son.

In horror, as in amazement, each stood regarding the other, until a dead and almost awful stillness prevailed in the old gallery once more.

Erie was the first to recover himself, and he advanced towards Lord Kingswood, as if to assist in the recovery of Lady Kingswood, but his lordship motioned him away with vehement gestures.

"Stand back!" he cried, with angry fury. "Thou art here as a curse to me! I summoned you not, but you appear as a destroying spirit, come to crush my peace and annihilate my hopes. Go—leave me! Away! quit Kingswood forever! I will dare all, endure the worst realization of my wildest apprehensions, rather than continue to submit to the torture of thy accursed presence. Go, wretch! a lifetime cannot repay the evil you have already wrought here!"

Erie felt, as he listened to this intemperate burst from Lord Kingswood, as if every word had stabbed him. Wonder, pride and haughty resentment struggled with a desire to preserve a show of respect to the rank and position of Lord Kingswood as the head of the House of Kingswood. Nevertheless, it was impossible for him to conceal the agony which this indignity inflicted upon him, and even Lord Kingswood, exalted as he was, almost covered beneath the gleam of indignant wrath that flashed from Erie's glittering eyes.

The youth, with a strong effort of the will, however, controlled his bitter anger, and with a mien of dignified loftiness, he said—
"I go, my lord, at your bidding; yours the responsibility, not mine."

He strode towards the door, and moved by an irresistible influence, he turned and faced Lord Kingswood, who had watched him stalk away with something of the same de-

monstrous he would have gazed at the slow overhanging of a spectre.

He extended his hand pointedly to Lord Kingswood.

"A higher power than yours directs my future," he exclaimed; and raising his voice, he added, emphatically, "my lord, we shall meet again."

"We shall meet again!" was echoed through the gallery, it seemed by another voice; but without heeding it, because it seemed to him that the vaulted roof had flung back his words, the departed, and hastened to his own chamber, leaving Lord Kingswood alone still supporting the lifeless form of Lady Kingswood.

He flung himself upon a seat with the purpose of allaying, as far as he could, his irritated and perturbed feelings before he determined upon the direction he should pursue on leaving Kingswood.

Goaded almost to madness as he had been by the stinging words of Lord Kingswood, he still did not intend to be so unwise as to act with precipitate recklessness. Remain beneath the roof which then sheltered him longer than imperative necessity compelled him, he would not. But where to go?

He had the address of Ishmael Malpas, but he recoiled from making any use of it. Ishmael might, as he had declared himself to be, prove a friend, yet not in the sense in which he interpreted the word. During his past life he certainly had educated, clothed, and kept him, but had never visited him. He had placed him beneath the roof of Kingswood Hall, but upon what terms?

His forehead burned and his cheeks tinged as he recalled Lord Kingswood's latest words.

No; he decided that he would not seek Ishmael, but fight his own way in the world, with no other aid than his head, his good right arm, and a stout heart.

Still, with a burning flush upon his forehead, he thought of the mystery which surrounded his birth.

"Better let it remain to me a mystery," he said, with a burst of emotion, "than I should have to hear that, every word of which would contract and petrify my heart until it became a deadened mass of stone."

And thus he sat and pondered. One charm alone had bound him to Kingswood, and that had been rudely dispensed; what mattered it to him where, henceforward, he wandered?

It occurred then to him that Lord Kingswood's valet, Pharisee, had spoken to him of London, and he remembered that he had heard strange stories respecting the mighty city; how humble boys had risen to mighty wealth; how a village boy of wild, irregular habits, had won India for England; how equally humble youths had commanded fleets and vast armies, leading them to great victories, by which they were themselves immortalized.

A glow of enthusiasm pervaded his frame, and lighted up his eloquent eyes.

"Thither will I go," he cried, earnestly. "The prize of fame and honor will not be denied to him who zealously, ardently, and unceasingly seeks to win it."

Within an hour from that time he had packed his valise, and had despatched it by one of the men working in the grounds, to the railway-station, situated a few miles distant, there to await him.

"A few hours," he soliloquized, "and I shall be far from all who have known me,

and among strangers, caring less for me even than those I have parted with. So be it. I bear with me at least a memory they cannot rob me of."

He drew from his breast the flowers and the glove he had found in the library, and he pressed them to his lips.

At last, with a sigh, he turned away from his car, and raising his moistened eyes, he beheld Philip Avon standing in the doorway.

"Lovetoken, by all that's namby-pamby!" exclaimed his unwelcome visitor, scornfully. "Pray from what pretty find did you purloin them?"

Erie rose up, and sternly regarding Philip, restored the flowers and glove whence he had taken them.

"I am told that you are a descendant from an old family. I do not believe it. A gentleman, I am sure you are not; a boor's chattering doubtless you are. You could not otherwise be so obtusely ignorant of the commonest courtesies of life."

"Dug!" ejaculated Philip Avon, fiercely, advancing towards him.

Erie raised his hand to put him back.

"Remain where you are," he said, disdainfully. "This is not the spot at which you appointed to meet me; this floor is not the ground on which to settle the hostility of which you have spoken, unless you desire to raise suspicions you profess to desire to avoid."

An oath intemperately escaped Philip's lips, and he clenched his hands as though he designed to strike Erie to the earth. The latter, however, only regarded him with more contempt than before, and continued, in a tone of voice which made Philip writhe with torture—

"I kept the appointment you made. I wandered about the deserted glade morning after morning, from dawn until long after the sun had topped the trees, but, as I might have expected, the solitude was disturbed by my own step alone."

"Illness kept me confined, raging within my chamber," champed Philip, furiously. "You lorded the ground like a pigeon of the woods, which flies at a footstep from the spot on which it has been strutting."

Erie's lip curled yet more scornfully.

"I was pacing on the appointed spot this morning at dawn; and you—you are well enough to parade here like a gascon, less his courage."

"Now—now this moment, we can adjourn to the Chase," exclaimed Philip, foaming at the lips.

"No," replied Erie, coldly. "I am not anxious to raise suspicions; too many of the household are about. To-morrow, at dawn, I will be at the place named, and alone."

With a chuckling growl of vindictive hate, Philip rejoined—

"Oh, but I will be awaiting you to-morrow at dawn, in Kingswood Chase."

"To-morrow, at dawn," repeated Erie.

With a triumphant fire in his black eyes, and a scowl of hate on his brow, Philip, waving his hand with a contemptuous gesture, hurried from the apartment.

But for the morning's engagement, Erie would have taken his departure from Kingswood too; as it was, he flung himself again in his chair to remain beneath the now hated roof yet a few hours longer.

He had an impulsive wish to pay Cyril a visit, to say a few words to him ere they part-

ed for ever, for he liked him notwithstanding his first unfavorable impression, but he restrained the inclination for fear he would put some question to him concerning Philip Avon, which he might find it difficult to answer.

He therefore kept his chamber, and watched the door, but did not leave behind the distant hills, with the old feeling that upon its rising its ruddy bosom might either shut his lifeless limbs in their last repose upon the green turf in the Chase, or his retreating form, as he made his way towards the haunts of men, the most friendless stranger among the homeless and the outcast.

In the grey dusk he sat, his thoughts wandering from his earliest childhood, through his boyish tasks, struggles, few pleasures, even down to his meeting with Lady Maud; there they rested and nestled.

Should he not write a word to her? No. He had written all he cared, or indeed, he could say, upon the margin of that leaf, upon which he felt sure she would again cast her sweet, tender eyes. What more could he say? He loved her, and he prayed her kind remembrance of him. That remembrance would hang over his forest grave, if he fell like a wreath of immortelles above the tomb of one beloved, or it would shine before him, if he lived, as a lode-star leading him on to high and ennobling actions.

Wearied out by excitement and overwrought reflections, he sunk into a fitful, disturbed slumber, from which he started to find Lord Kingswood's valet, Pharisee, bending over him, scrutinizing, with strange eagerness, every feature of his face.

He rose up, and Pharisee fell back, assuming a respectful attitude. Erie eyed him for a minute curiously, and then said, with evident surprise—

"Why do you visit me at this late hour, Pharisee?"

"For more than one reason, Mr. Gower," returned the man, with an obsequious air and a sidelong glance at Erie. "I must request your pardon if I appear obtrusive and officious; it is not my design to be either, yet I feel that the step I have taken, and the observations I may make, may wear that complexion. I entreat you not to misconceive me. I have enjoyed the confidence of Lord Kingswood for many, many years, and that of her ladyship also—that is, partly—partly, Mr. Gower—for Lady Kingswood is of that sex which delights in reservations. I honor and respect both, but I honor and respect you, too, Mr. Gower."

Erie's lip curled.

"Respect and honor me," he said, bitterly. "I am an unknown, a creature to be placed in unfrequented chambers, to be located in sequestered quarters, to have prescribed limits set down for the confinement of my wanderings, to move in a circle whose point of contact at any part comes not in collision with the revolutions of my Lord of Kingswood's sphere. Honor me! for what man am I?"

"A secret," interposed Pharisee, in a sharp, sibilant tone. "A secret, Mr. Gower. Pardon me for the observation. It is not a suggestion of my own, but the spontaneous presumption of the whole household. A secret which they believe you can reveal if you will. I, however, I—"

He paused, glanced furtively at Erie, and then made a figure with the point of his foot upon the carpet.

"Proceed," exclaimed Erie, impatiently.

"I do not believe that you are able to make, if you feel so disposed, this revelation."

"Wherefore?" inquired Erie, haughtily. "Excuse me," replied the valet, with a slow inclination of the head; "some day I will be more explicit on this head."

"Some day," echoed Erie, bitterly. "Still the same story."

Pharisee looked steadily into Erie's eyes, but with a sinister glance, nevertheless. "Be assured, sir, of one thing," he exclaimed, with a marked and peculiar emphasis; "there is one fact which cannot be kept secret from those who have eyes in their heads, and brains in their skulls; you are a Kingswood!"

Erie started, and turned a wild, eager, and unsettled look upon Pharisee. A rush of thought raced through his mind. He remembered, vividly, at this moment, Lady Kingswood's emphatic question to her husband in the ancient portrait gallery. He recalled Ishmael's strange observations respecting the claim he had to be received beneath the roof which now covered him, and that it was a duty he owed to another to enforce that claim; with a hazy remembrance of dreams with which he had been visited while sleeping in the old portion of the building. His face and lips became of the hue of marble. He stood motionless as a statue, and involuntarily murmured—

"The heir of the race, by God's holy grace, shall solve the wonder of Kingswood Chase."

"Ah! Mr. Gower, there lies the difficulty!" exclaimed Pharisee, shrugging his shoulders. "What is the wonder of Kingswood Chase? Nobody knows. The present Lord Kingswood became Lord Kingswood after his father's death. He was the heir of the race; he has never solved the mysterious riddle, nor his father before him. His father, by the by, like all the heirs of this barony, since the bad baron, lived unhappily and died miserably."

"A Kingswood?" ejaculated Erie, not seeming to heed what he said. "A Kingswood, I a Kingswood?"

"A veritable Kingswood, I'll be sworn," responded Pharisee.

Erie pressed his hand upon his forehead. If he truly were a Kingswood, in what relation did he stand to Lord and Lady Kingswood and their son?

A hot flush of scarlet scorched his brow; a quiver of intense agony wrung his heart; a suffocating emotion almost rendered his voice inarticulate as he asked—

"Has Lord Kingswood been twice married?"

"I do not—nay, the world knows not that," returned Pharisee, musingly, as if a new suspicion arose in his brain; "but," he added, "I do not believe it, though difficult it would be, impossible to ascertain that fact. If it pleases you, I will make the necessary inquiries, and acquaint you with the result."

Erie pressed his clenched fist upon his chest.

"It is a point upon which I greatly wish for information," he rejoined, rather as if soliloquizing than replying to Pharisee's offer.

"You may rely upon me," returned the valet, with a promptness, the celerity of which was a little remarkable; and he added, with some volubility—"Indeed, Mr. Gower, the object of my visit to you has some connection with an inquiry of this kind. To tell you the truth, sir, you are at this moment, if

not the Wonder of Kingswood Chase, the Wonder of Kingswood. Every guest visiting here recently has bestowed an extraordinary desire to know who you are. They ask, they question, they murmur, until Lord Kingswood is flung into a paroxysm of frenzy, by the notice you have excited. His lordship's design, therefore, is, in order that his life may not down the untroubled channel it has hitherto pursued as smoothly as before, was to keep you a prisoner in the unfrequented part of the household, and confine your ramblings to the unvisited portions of the Chase. Circumstances have allowed this intention."

"What circumstances?" inquired Erie, sternly.

"Well, Lady Kingswood's weakness in spending you," he replied. "Lady Kingswood is yet comparatively young; she is exceedingly handsome; looks younger by much than she is. She is a lady one might love burningly—passionately—madly true."

"Follow! are you mad?" cried Erie, in a loud, fierce tone.

Pharisee's features seemed to convulse and turn blue.

"I—I—I—I beg a thousand pardons," he stammered—"a million pardons, for my exaggerated expressions—a—what I sought to convey was that Lady Kingswood's jealousy of Lord Kingswood might lead her to imagine many erroneous things. His lordship, quite aware of this fact, has determined to make such alterations in his designs respecting you, as to resolve to remove you from England to some far place where the climate would work a fatal result with more certainty than even knife or poison."

"I will not hear such villainous suggestions respecting his lordship from any lips, especially from yours. Leave me instantly. I will not further listen to you," cried Erie, angrily.

"I was fearful that you would misconstrue me, Mr. Gower," observed Pharisee, deprecatingly. "I do not, I beg you expressly to understand, even by implication, intend to assert that Lord Kingswood would dream of employing such horrible weapons to remove you from life, but I do assert that he is very anxious to be relieved from your presence."

"I know that," Erie replied, gloomily.

"I came here, therefore, to counsel you to take the first step," he continued, "to remove yourself—say to London—that is the plan. Within its vast recesses and extensive districts, you may remain, if you please, concealed, or you may, in its open and high places, show yourself at will. There you may dictate terms to his lordship; here, you would have to accept them. There, free and untrammelled, you can live as you choose, and roam where your fancy leads you, indulging in gaieties and pleasures of all kinds, for which, if needful, I will advance the money."

Erie frowned, and with an imperious gesture, said, indignantly—

"Leave me. I have heard too much. Begone!"

"You misapprehend me, Mr. Gower," urged Pharisee, adopting a humble, obsequious manner.

"Do not misapprehend me," returned Erie, haughtily. "If you do not this instant quit me, I will fling you out of my chamber. The fault was mine to listen to you, or I would do so now. Do not tempt me. Go!"

There was no possibility of "misapprehending" Erie's earnestness or his intention to keep his promise. Pharisee, therefore, shrugged his shoulders, bowed humbly, and retired, saying,

"I did all for the best. You will appreciate my motives some day, Mr. Gower."

He closed the door behind him, and he bit his colorless lips when alone, until the blood almost came.

"Aye," he muttered, "you shall know me better—you shall some day appreciate my motives, when I have more thoroughly gauged your nature, and I know how to work upon it to revenge your insult, boy. Base born, I will swear, and will prove at the moment when, crushing you, it crowns my fortune."

With noiseless steps he sunk away, leaving behind him the hump which he had brought with him.

Leaving behind him, too, the fruitless source of distracting thoughts to Erie, who flung himself upon his couch, a prey to reflections and conjectures of a character almost maddening to him.

He tossed and rolled wildly, until unable to endure the torture of mind he was suffering, he resolved to pass the remainder of the interval between then and his approaching meeting with Philip Avon in the cold air and black tree-shadows of the Chase.

He arose, threw a broad cloak around his shoulders, caught up the lamp, and without casting a glance even round his apartment, he stepped lightly out into the corridor, made his way to that part of the building where he had previously obtained access to the Chase, and with the key he yet retained, unlocked the door leading to the flight of old stone steps.

He descended them, going by the aid of the lamp, upon the ancient crumbling stone walls which he had not before the opportunity of observing, and at length reached a door, which he was sure, for above the door, which he had formerly descended.

He opened the key he possessed to the lock, and the door opened readily. A blast of night air blew out his lamp, but he saw a faint light above him, and the sky, grey with the light of a crescent moon, slowly descending from the meridian towards the horizon.

This, then, was the door by which it was originally intended to make his way from the rear of the building to the Chace; and he had passed was therefore a secret entrance, which he had discovered by accident.

He thought little of this; it was easy to conjecture that it had been formed in early and troubled times, when such precautionary means of egress or approach were important to safety. Fastening the door, he stepped out upon the grassy sward which extended in this part up to the very walls. The building threw a deep shadow upon the turf, extending for some distance, and to the limits of this shadow he proceeded, and then turned his face towards the building.

As upon against the sky a solid but struggling mass, here constituted with turrets and battlements, there with pointed roof and pinnacled crests of an ecclesiastical character, and upon tall, square, and compact, fringed with shingles, and overlooked by a campanile tower, from the sharply defined edge of whose dark, square, soaring form, appeared a portion of the diminished disc of the moon.

He stood with folded arms, and gazed upon it long and earnestly. Many strange thoughts passed through his mind, mingled with hope, aspirations, and even simple wishes. The sombre, silent, and solemn aspect of the building, which seemed to him to have unconsciously ejected him, gave the very sad and most painful turn to his contemplations; and the remembrance that a few short hours would find him in the throes of a mortal struggle, tended to lighten but little his heavy depression.

"Farewell, Kingswood!" he exclaimed, in a low and mournful tone. "It must be long ere again I look upon your tall turrets or tread your proud halls. It may be that I shall look my last. I could have parted from you without a sigh. I could have turned my back upon you with a smile of scorn, but that you held me the fairest, gentlest, loveliest creature the breath of Heaven ever called into being. Yes, I could have quitted you with high disdain, but that within your walls I have all that I have ever loved. Oh! Lady Maud—sweet, pure, innocent as beautiful—I cannot leave thee without a sharp pang of agony—I cannot tear myself from the spot wherein you dwell a star in the cold, gloomy shade of haughty exclusiveness, and not feel the full bitterness of my utter desolation."

For a moment his emotion choked him, but conquering it, he added, so he outgazed his arms—

"Farewell, Maud, farewell! The Great Being who looks down upon me standing here, lonely and isolated from all the living world but you—and you, save in thought—sees my heart, and He knows that in its unstained depths you reign queen, sovereign, and supreme. That if I am spared in the coming encounter with a vindictive and merciless foe, there shall you still reign, your dominion unshaken by other created being, or invaded by crime or any meaner vice; for I will thrust myself out of life, rather than the guilt of an ignominious exit, by association, should shame the unstained integrity of the kingdom you rule and shall ever rule over. I go to my banishment—I go with a full breast, but a sad heart. O Maud! one thought of the when surrounded by the gay and happy—one thought whilst circling with the joyous throngs in brilliant, gilded saloons—one thought in the deep quiet of night in your silent chamber, while I keep my lonely vigil with earnest eyes turned to that fair star in the unclouded expanse of heaven, most nearly in my vision, representing your bright loveliness and lustrous purity. I ask but that, and the cares, the dangers, the hardships, and tribulations of toil, the bitterness of isolation, will set lightly upon the spirit whose only aspiration now is to greet with hopeful yearning the time when in the better land—perhaps, for me, not afar—my shade may meet thy gentle spirit on fair terms of equal love and bliss unclouded. Farewell, Maud, dearest one, and only beloved. May the blessings of a smiling heaven be strewn as flowers in thy life-path. May thy gentle heart never, never know the cruel misery and the deadly anguish which now crushes mine. Farewell!"

He sunk upon his knees, and clasped his hands fervently as he offered up to heaven this prayer; and when he had completed it, springing to his feet, turned his back upon the hall, and his face to the dark and seemingly infinite mass of trees, whose boughs and branches, though shorn of leaves, yet screened from observation that secluded part of the old Chace where he had engaged to meet, for a passage of deadly strife, his malignant foe and rival, Philip Avon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The solemn stillness of the night, unbroken save by the mournful rustling of the skeleton branches as the bleak, wintry wind forced its slow way through the complicated reticulation of twigs and tapering boughs, the grim loneliness, and the black solitude of the forest depths, the spectral gleamings of the untroubled glades, suited only too harmoniously with the deep melancholy which hung over his brow like a heavy crown of dismal types.

Even had he not the motive and the wish to meet Philip Avon in mortal combat, he would have preferred to wander thus in the silent night, than to have tossed restlessly and feverishly upon a sleepless couch, beneath the roof he had just quitted, with the expectation of returning to it never more.

Unhesitating whether his dull feet bore him, he wandered on, impatient only when not thinking of Lady Maud, for the coming dawn. He passed on the bank of the small stream, here and there strewn with mosses, which had murmured and gurgled a low, soft chant, as it passed its chosen way through the wood.

Paused, however, at a short distance from him, he beheld, with amazement, the figure of a female, seated in an attitude of deep despondency.

She sat motionless as a statue, and in the partial obscurity of the night, seemed more like an apparition than a living, breathing creature.

Erie had already, since his arrival at Kingswood Hall, been sufficiently surrounded by the mysterious to shake his disbelief of the supernatural, but neither his courage nor his spirit of inquiry into the truth of the existence of things immaterial were so affected as to make him shrink from so remarkable a vision as now presented itself to him.

At first he imagined that his eyes were deceived by some fantastic, wreathing vapor, but a few paces taken softly and noiselessly, and he found himself undeceived.

He recognized in the immovable, but evidently sadly despairing being, the Wonder of Kingswood Chace!

His movement betrayed his presence to her. She rose up with a sudden cry of joy, and advanced with a hurried step to him, exclaiming, in a tone of exulting pleasure—

"Cyril! oh, my Cyril!"

As suddenly as she sprung forward she halted, and a faint moon of disappointment escaped her lips, for she perceived that the sole possessor of her thoughts was not he who had intruded upon her solitude.

With a hesitating, faltering step, she would have retired, but Erie stayed her by a gesture of his hand.

"Fear me not," he exclaimed, in a soft, low tone. "I have not the will, if I had the power, to harm you; and I am desirous of interchanging a few words with you."

She gazed with sad eyes upon him for a moment, then she turned her gaze about her as if to look whether any other person were near. Apparently satisfied that they were alone, she turned her face, so wondrously beautiful, especially in the silver-grey light of the moonbeams, and said, in an earnest voice—

"You saved Cyril Kingswood?"

"It is of him I would speak to you," returned Erie, approaching her until he stood by her side.

She turned her full eyes upon him.

"Speak," she exclaimed.

"You know him," he said, looking fixedly at her.

"I know him!" she replied, dropping her eyes to the ground.

"You have known him long, perhaps?"

"From childhood," she replied, still with a downward look and a rising blush, which did not, even in the moonlight, remain unobserved.

"You have been friends even for so long a time?" he said, with a marked enunciation.

"We have been friends so long," she replied, with an embarrassed accent.

"Not rude nor impertinently inquisitive think me if I pursue this inquiry," continued Erie, speaking in gentle tones. "Our meeting is in itself singular, your position is strange and remarkable, and the incidents attendant upon the last visit Cyril Kingswood paid to the Chace, are of so mysterious a character, that I cannot forbear questioning you, though I do not expect you to reply to me if you feel any reluctance, or my queries prove of an objectionable character."

"Speak," she returned, "I am bound to answer."

"Bound?" he echoed, with surprise; "why bound to answer me?"

"You saved the life of Cyril Kingswood," she replied, in earnest tones.

"For that I have no claim on your gratitude. I knew you not when I raised my hand to save him from a dastardly blow," rejoined Erie.

"There is yet another reason," she exclaimed, as, raising her eyes to his face, she timidly scrutinized his features.

"Name it," said Erie, laconically.

"You exactly resemble the Wonder of Kingswood Chace," she replied, rather tremulously.

"The Wonder of Kingswood Chace?" he repeated, with much surprise. "I thought you were the Wonder of Kingswood Chace."

She shook her head.

"In the old hunting-lodge there hangs a picture," she rejoined, speaking with a strange awe. "It is the portrait of a lord, anciently a baron of these domains. He brought upon his house a doom. His spectre wanders in the Chace, and he is called the Wonder of Kingswood Chace. You exactly resemble the picture."

She shrunk back a step or two, and with a violent shudder convulsing her frame, she murmured—

"You may be he?"

Again this allusion to his resemblance to the bad Baron of Kingswood.

A strange thrill passed through Erie as the several occasions upon which this coincidence had been forced upon his notice flashed through his brain. It was, however, but a passing emotion.

"I am not he, but a living, breathing creature like yourself, save that I have neither kin nor kin, nor friend in the wide world."

"Cyril," she exclaimed, with emphasis.

"He might have been," he answered, musingly and sadly, "he can be nothing to me now."

She gazed earnestly at him, struck by the double tone of his voice.

"I, too, am lone and friendless," she exclaimed, mournfully.

"Cyril!" he ejaculated, with a faint smile.

"He must be nothing to me now," she returned, in a voice equally despondent with his own.

"Tell me," said Erie, abruptly, "do your friends know of the intimacy between Cyril Kingswood and yourself?"

"Friends?" she echoed, in a sarcastic tone,

and then added, mournfully, "Do not urge that question, I cannot answer it."

"Listen to me," said Erie, gravely and earnestly. "Cyril Kingswood, one year moon was at the full, came hither to meet you that night. I found him not far from home, hidden in the hands of the ruffian, Tubal Kish."

"Lifeless?" repeated the maiden, in accents of terror.

"He was bleeding from a blow on the temple. Tubal Kish's hand struck the blow. Say, was he instigated to this fatal deed by your friends?"

"My friends?" she ejaculated, almost incoherently. "No, oh, no. Why should he wish harm to Cyril?"

"You are a forest maiden, simple, perhaps humble; he is the son of a lord. Your brothers—your parents—may believe that he has evil designs upon your happiness, and have taken this mode of separating you," suggested Erie.

"The maiden wrung her hands in grief. 'I have no brothers—no parents. I have no friend but Ishmael,' she exclaimed.

Erie started. He caught her by the wrist. "But who?" he inquired, in an astonished voice.

"Ishmael," she replied, "and he is cold and stern, and hates Cyril. Oh, Cyril is good, and gentle, and truthful, and would not wrong or injure me. Why should he? He is the son of a lord, therefore he should be the more noble and virtuous. Yet Ishmael tore us asunder, and has forbidden me again to speak with him. Since he parted us, he has kept me confined to my room in the hunting-lodge, in order that I might not again see him. To-morrow we are to leave the Chace for ever, to go I know not whither, but I could not part from the bosom of my brief happiness without one last fond gaze. So I stole forth in the silence of the night to revisit these spots where I have wandered with Cyril—where never more we shall together roam. I did not think to meet with—anyone who would bear my last farewell to him. You, sir, perhaps—"

"I shall not see him again," interrupted Erie, emphatically.

The maiden looked into his face, she became as pale as death, she trembled violently.

"You—you said that Tubal Kish had struck him down," she gasped. "You do not—you cannot mean that he—that he killed him!"

She sank upon her knees, half fainting, and clasped him by the arms.

"No—no—no," he replied rapidly, "he lives, he is well. Rise and compose yourself. I pray you. Tell me—of Ishmael, I—"

She sprang to her feet, and clutching his hand, she murmured—

"Hush—hush, some one approaches."

Out of a brake on the opposite bank of the stream there appeared a dark object, moving like some unwieldy animal. It rose up and stared steadfastly at both.

It was Tubal Kish.

He gazed at the pair as they stood in the pale moonbeams hand in hand. A wild, guttural cry escaped him, and with his body rocking to and fro, he chanted, in a low, hoarse, harsh voice—

"When the spectre of the race
And the Maiden of the Chace
Shall within the forest stand,
Side by side, hand clasped in hand,
Then the curse upon the race
Shall its fatal steps retrace.
And the light upon the flame,
And the blot upon the name,
Shall a mortal hand efface;
And by God's most holy grace
Then the dawning shall be nigh."

Erie, who supposed that by chanting this doggerel, the ruffian was half-frenzied by drink, raised his hand menacingly to him, with the intent of warning him not to cross the stream, but ere he could utter a word, the fellow, with a wild howl of fright, plunged into a brake, and, crushing through the boughs and branches, disappeared with frantic haste.

Erie watched for a minute the direction he had taken, and when satisfied that he had really made off, placing as wide an interval between himself and the neighborhood as he could, he turned to his young and beautiful companion.

She was gone!

Amazed, he made a hurried survey of the places near to him. He searched among the trees, looked down the alleys and viaducts, avenues running in every direction, but she was nowhere visible.

Not that he was surprised at this for it was not difficult in such an entanglement of coppice and thicket to escape observation, with the advantage of a minute's flight. But he was astonished that she should fly from him so abruptly, without a word, at a moment, too, when he supposed she would have clung to him for protection from the ruffian Tubal Kish.

He was vexed, too, that she should have left him without some explanation concerning Ishmael.

He was strangely perplexed at the mention of this name. It was not a common one. The forest maiden, too, had said that he was a stern, cold man, and what was more curious still, she had said that she had no parents, relative, no friend, but Ishmael. Why, that was his case. The coincidence was singular.

Then, too, the rhymes uttered by Tubal Kish. He had evidently not improvised them, and there was a meaning in the words not confined to their jingle, for had not Tubal, on a former occasion, styled him the spectre of the Chace? had not the gamekeeper spoken of the maiden who had just left him as the Wonder of Kingswood Chace? and were they not standing hand in hand when Tubal Kish suddenly appeared?

Were these intimations supernatural? mysterious that he—was a Kingswood?

His face burned fiercely, and he bit his lips until the blood came, and then he became cold and white.

If he were truly a Kingswood, why was his birth a secret? Was the brand of moral shame upon his brow?

He groaned. He longed for the dawn, yet an hour or so and the shame, if such there was clinging to his birth, might be washed out by his own blood.

Before the first grey streak of dawn followed the setting of the moon, he took up his station beneath an aged oak, near to the appointed spot.

A stream of grey, vapory clouds swept across the sky as the crescent moon descended to the horizon, and a chill, nipping morning air heralded the approaching dawn.

Still and motionless did Erie lean against the green, mossy trunk of the old tree, and as the first faint streak of pale, cold light appeared above the tree-tops in the east, he saw Philip Avon glide into the glade.

His form was shrouded in a cloak, and a broad-brimmed felt hat was slouched down upon his brows. He gazed furtively about him as he advanced, but without discovering Erie, and halted beneath a tree some few paces short of that beneath which Erie stood.

From beneath his cloak he produced a couple of swords and a pistol case, he laid them upon the grass, and after another brief survey, he unlocked the case of pistols, and took out one, which he examined, and then, to Erie's surprise, he glided behind the trunk of the tree near to which he stood, and levelled the pistol in the direction in which he might be expected to appear.

With knitted brows Erie stopped lightly up to him, and heard him mutter—

"A bullet from this cover would reach him ere his eye caught sight of the flash. I could plant it in his head or heart to a certainty, and who would know that mine was the hand that brought the go-hawk down?"

"Heaven!" exclaimed Erie, pressing his hand upon his shoulder.

With an oath, Philip sprang a dozen feet aside, and then turned a ghastly face upon the youth, who stood calmly confronting him.

"Murder would hardly sit well on the right hand of the heir of Hawksbury," said Erie, in clear, cold tones. "It is true that you informed me in your courteous note that you intended to slay or be slain. It seems to me that you have resolved to adopt a course hardly honorable in the son of a baronet and the heir of an ancient family, but, nevertheless, eminently adapted to carry out the first proposition."

The face of Philip Avon became of purple hue.

"I am not conscious that we have met here to bandy courtesies," he said, in a husky voice. "But since you must needs play the eavesdropper, a contemptible part, no doubt, to you more natural than assumed, let me remind you that I said I could bring down, with a bullet, one whom I hate as he approached this spot from yonder alley, not that I would do so."

"The distinction is subtle enough, and the line as finely drawn as need be," returned Erie. "I ask not for favor at any man's hand, much less at yours, but I expect the laws of honor to be respected, even by Philip Avon."

Philip scowled at him with rage and malice.

"It is not my design to seize any mean advantage that may offer," he exclaimed, between his teeth, "but it is not my intention to perform a passage in arms with you as a Frenchman would walk a minute. I propose to fight you to the death. You have dared to cast an eye on Lady Maud, my betrothed. You have conceived a passion for her—you—an unknown! You! For this, had I met you in different company, I would have slit off your ears, and nailed them to a barn-door. As I encountered you in the halls of a Kingswood, I submit to cross swords with you, but with not the less firm determination to effectually punish your presumption and insolence."

"Cross swords?" ejaculated Erie, with a curling lip. "What! have you chosen the gentlemen, too? I should have thought that you would have been satisfied with having arranged the result of this meeting to your satisfaction. You forget, sir, that I am the challenged, you the challenger."

"What! do you prefer pistols?" cried Philip Avon, eagerly.

"No," replied Erie, with a sarcastic tone, "your weapon may by accident be discharged before mine is loaded. You are nervous and excited. I see that your hand shakes—I'll trust it. We will fight with swords."

Philip Avon bit his lip sharply. He pointed to the swords which yet lay where he had thrown them.

"Measure them," he said, sharply, "and select your own weapon. Boys talk; my motto is deeds, not words."

"Even though it be murder," said Erie, fixing his clear, large eyes contemptuously upon him.

Philip Avon, with a howl of rage, bade him secure his weapon, and not tempt him to acts of violence he might be disposed hereafter to regret being betrayed into.

With a smile of ineffable scorn, Erie took up one of the swords and tried the temper of its blade. Being satisfied, he withdrew a short distance, and proceeded to remove his coat and vest and his cravat. He then bared his right and left arms to the elbow, and advanced to face Philip Avon.

The latter, who had gone through the same process, was not quite so quick in his movements, and Erie stood thoughtfully leaning upon his sword until he announced himself to be ready.

Philip gave a furtive glance at his pistol-case. A sigh welled his chest, and a strong regret filled his mind because Erie had chosen swords. He would rather the weapons had been pistols. He would have cared little for a pistol-shot wound, where he thought Erie by luck might have hit him; yet he knew that he could send a bullet in reply through the latter's heart.

He felt a strange mingling that he had underrated Erie's prowess and courage; he had to conquer this unwelcome doubt by a call

upon his boldness such as he had never used to make before.

They stood face to face, saluted, weapons in hand, and for the moment were lost to each other.

The consequences of both, perhaps, were pale, but their eyes, each fixed on the other's were singularly bright, their brows were knitted, and their teeth were set.

At first they went through a series of feints, which were rapidly parried, and were followed by feigns and lunges, each diverted from a fatal aim by a dexterous movement of the wrist.

As they warmed up, the conflict began to grow fiercer. Philip became irritable, and pushed and thrust with increased vigor, endeavoring to bear back Erie who fought with great patience and yet greater coolness, so that he might lose his equilibrium. But he was unsuccessful in this design, and after a rapid passage, he felt, by something warm trickling down his sword arm, that he had been wounded there.

It could be but a scratch, for it pained him little, but it made a strange inroad on his temper. Again and again he pressed on Erie with mad passion, because he found himself foiled in every attempt to hit him, while, after an exhausting passage, he discovered that he had himself been struck in four places, from which the blood was oozing.

He ground his teeth, as, for a moment, he paused, and he said with difficulty, for his mouth was parched and his tongue dry—

"You have been lucky. You have drawn blood."

"I have pricked you in sport," answered Erie. "Had I wished, I would long ere this have disabled you."

"Do it!" roared Philip, and made a sudden, base, and villainous lunge at him.

Erie was prepared for him, stepped aside, warding off the deadly thrust, and, like lightning, sent the point of his own sword through the fleshy part of Philip Avon's side.

The wound was neither deep nor dangerous, but Philip felt the smart. He placed his hand there, and felt the warm blood gush out. He lowered the point of his sword. His face changed to a cadaverous blue.

"I am not a match with you at sword play," he said, gasping for breath. "We have not met for a mere trial at skill," he added, with a ghastly smile; and pointing to the pistol-case, he said: "We have met here for a life for a life. Load those pistols. I am weak with the loss of blood. Quick! give me a chance—a chance—you are not such a cowardly hound as to refuse me one poor chance. Load those pistols!"

"Fling down your sword," replied Erie, coldly, "and I will do your behest. I will not give you a chance to act treacherously and basely."

With a growl, Philip threw down on the grass, here and there crimsoned with his blood, his unstained weapon, and Erie laid his crimsoned and ensanguined blade down at his feet, ready to be seized on the instant.

Then he proceeded to rapidly load the pistols which he drew from the case containing them.

As he was ramming down the barrel of the second pistol, Philip suddenly called to him—

"No bullet in that, mark me; no bullet in that pistol. One life only is needed, one bullet will suffice. Quick! I grow cold and faint."

Erie looked steadfastly at him.

"Be it so," he said. "But how decide the choice of the weapon?"

"A long and short blade of grass," answered Philip. "Lay down the pistols beneath my cloak, so that neither you nor I can tell which is the loaded one. The longest blade of grass shall give the choice. Quick, man! you fear—you fear to give me so miserable a chance as this. Oh, God! how deadly cold, and sick, and powerless I feel! Quick, quick, delay is cowardice!"

Erie's pale face exhibited no alteration in its expression, save, perhaps, a sign in the compact set of his features that the taunts of his antagonist goaded him to a state of vindictiveness he might not otherwise have experienced.

He finished loading the last pistol; he passed them rapidly from one hand to the other, so that it was not possible to remember by the eye which of the two contained the ball. Then he stooped and laid them beneath the cloak which had been thrown carelessly upon the ground.

He next plucked two blades of grass, and arranging them, proffered the even ends to Philip Avon that he might select which he pleased.

Philip drew a long, deep breath, he set his teeth together hard, and his nostrils inflated as his glittering eyes, sparkling with an unearthly brightness, settled upon the two pieces of grass extended towards him.

He passed his blood-stained hand over his clammy forehead, leaving thereon a broad crimson streak like the brand of Cain. Then he snatched one of the blades and held it aloft.

Erie produced the one he had retained.

Philip gave a loud yell of triumph. He had secured the longest blade of grass! With a low growl of exultation, he staggered to the spot where the pistols lay hidden. He drew them forth, and examined them with anxious bloodshot eyes.

Erie, with folded arms, calmly surveyed him.

Philip balanced the pistols, one in each hand, with more nicety, care and patience than in his wounded condition might have been expected. At length, a long, gurgling laugh of triumph burst from his lips.

He held up one pistol in his hand, and flung the other upon the turf.

"The lead is in this!" he cried, and added, with rapid enunciation, "Ten paces, hound! ten paces, dog! Quick, my eyes are growing dim, and I would be sure in my aim. Ten paces for Lady Maud!"

"Ten paces for Lady Maud!" echoed Erie, grasping the pistol which Philip had flung from him.

They stood face to face, saluted, weapons in hand, and for the moment were lost to each other.

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He ground his teeth, as, for a moment, he paused, and he said with difficulty, for his mouth was parched and his tongue dry—

THE OLD STORY.

BY WILLIE LIGHTHEART.

Maximilian, young Eddie Jones,
Who called for me last night,
And by the light of the moon,
Saw me in the moonlight,
Whispered to me in a low voice,
About his country home,
And took my hand in his and said,
If I could be his own.

He called me beautiful, and said,
My hand was sweet and white,
My lips were red and my eyes
Were like the diamond light.
And then he kissed me on the cheek,
And I was all in a daze,
That when he asked me to be his,
I had to tell him yes.

But his father, young Eddie Jones,
A new young man may be,
But he can't keep a hotel, nor
A husband to be there;
He's nothing but a country clown,
And does not own a red,
Noble I now my money him,
I'd rather both were dead.

But, dear mamma, young Eddie Jones,
In reality, I am sure,
For old Maximilian died and left
Five thousand pounds or more;
And all his money is his own,
Besides his country home;
Maximilian, I'd rather be
His bride, than live alone.

I know he loves the very ground
On which my shadow falls,
And will delight to furnish me
With bonnets, hosiery and shoes;
And more than all that gold can buy,
More than my petted vine,
That climbs upon the porch—
To know his love is mine.

Five thousand pounds!—and all his own!
Whew, daughter, what a pile!
Not that I care a fig for wealth,
Therefore you needn't smile.
But Eddie Jones has won your heart,
And loves you too, I guess;
So, when he asks you hand again,
Just say, I acquiesce.

—Charlotte Nees.

MAXIMILIAN'S COURTSHIP.

My friend Max had an imperial nose—half
bawls, that is; large, bright eyes, small
mouth, and luxuriant brown hair. His full,
overhanging mustaches were screwed into
points and waxed at the ends in the Hun-
garian fashion, so that they stood out from
his cheeks like two rods, at exactly right angles
to his nose. In what robes or simple habi-
tments my friend Max would have arrayed
himself, had he possessed ample means, it
would be difficult to say; but, as his said
means were decidedly limited, there was a
sordidness, not to say a splendid shabbiness,
in his appearance, which reminded one strongly
of the past, and held out very little hopes for
the future. His chief garment was a wide-
shouldered, broad-skirted, no-waisted, velvet-
collared, and most elaborately braided bour-
souse, which, as it was worn weather, was
spread over the back of his chair in the man-
ner of an imperial robe, with the sleeves con-
spicuously in front on account of the braid-
ing. Max smoked his cigar in short, euphu-
istic puffs, and sipped his coffee, as he sat in
the Paradise Garden on the ramparts of
Vienna, with all the indulgence of the East
and some of the graces of the West.

Max was under promise to tell me the
story of his courtship, and thus began:

"Amalie has such beautiful eyes!" ex-
claimed my sister Sophie to me one day.

"The Frauline Amalie Stralich has a for-
tune of five thousand gulden," said my mo-
ther, following suit.

"Her papa is such a kind, fine old gentle-
man," continued Sophie.

"The Herr von Stralich's estate of Eichen-
wald," pursued my mother, "is not to be
matched in the whole circle."

Now I knew all this before. Amalie Stralich
had beautiful eyes and a dowry of five
thousand gulden; and as for the old gentle-
man and his estate, I had shaken hands with
the one, and hoped to go shooting over the
other. Just at the nick of time came an in-
vitation from the worthy proprietor himself,
and when my sister Sophie shyly inquired of
me when I intended to pay my visit to Eichen-
wald, "To-morrow," exclaimed I, briskly,
and so I did.

Eichenwald is close to Fishamund, and
Fishamund is three and a half good German
miles from Vienna. How to get there! My
dear fellow, it has always been one of the
fatalities of my existence that, at the precise
moment when I had the least money, I was
certain to have the most need of it. What
with the glove boots, and the kid gloves, and
the cannelini, and an abominable item of
twenty gulden shoes, without the payment
of which I could not release my new bour-
souse—it was now three—from the hands of
the inflexible tailor, I found myself with only
so much cash as would pay the post-wagon to
my destination. How could I walk four
German miles in varnished leather boots?
And what would become of the little deli-
cacies of my toilet if I did? If I went by post
with a miserable figure I should cut with
scarcely a swan-giver in the gay silken park,
which sister Sophie had woven for me in de-
spiration of the visit! Here was a dilemma!
In my indecision I missed the post, and after
a vain attempt to cajole or awe two or three
Jaeger drivers at the *Linde* into carrying me
and my magnificence half-way for a reason-
able fare, I tossed my boursoine over my
shoulder, pointed my mustaches with vio-
lent determination, and started on my way
on foot, resolved to throw myself, for the first
time at least, upon the generosity of fortune.
And so pretty John's trick she played on!

I had not gone far when I heard the clat-
tering of a country cart behind me.

"No, no," shouted I, to the driver. "Whit-
ter away!"
"To Eichenwald, Herr Gaudin," was the
reply.
"That is beyond Fishamund, is it not?"
"Three miles by the highway, Herr Gaus-
din," said he.

"Then I'll tell you what it is, my lad; give
me a lift to Fishamund, and here is a swan-giver
for thee."

The jolly peasant grinned from ear to ear,
and held out his arm.

"Can I assist your grace to mount?" said
he, and in a moment I was by his side, full of
hopeful anticipations of the termination of
my journey. Our cart was filled with what
I thought to be—unless I labor! all loose,
and full to the very brim! But my chari-
teer laid a clean sack over them, and on this
reposed my boursoine in all its regal mag-
nificence; and so we rattled happily on till we
came to Schwechat.

"Halte-la!" cried I, "let's take a schnaps."

So we both got down and found our way
into the village tavern, in less time than it
takes me to tell it; my driver, however, turn-
ing a wistful look towards his horse as he
came, which I learned to understand much
better five minutes later than I did at the
moment—more the pity! Scarcely had we
got our liquor fairly before us, and were
raising it to our lips, when a fierce clatter
was heard outside, and the driver dashed
down his glass, and, with a yell, ran to the
door.

"Ed, Gottes himmel!" shouted he, "Mathias
has looted!"

Mathias was the horse, and, sure enough,
he was off, better shunter along the road, with
the onions hopping about his ears like live
creatures. There was no time to consider, so
we took the road with a bound; but whether
we should ever have overtaken Mathias or
not, must remain forever undecided, seeing
that after a hard run he was brought short
up by a stranger who was ahead of him, and
who dexterously caught him by the bridle
when in full career. It was something short
of compliments which met the ears of Mathias
when we came panting up by his side. How
his master swore! For my part, I was too
busy with my unlucky boursoine, which
pounded in among the onions, I dragged up
with considerable difficulty, to pay much at-
tention to the horse; but I believe he got his
share of abuse for all that.

We thanked the stranger for his timely
assistance, and, having again made things as
 snug and compact as possible, sprang into our
vehicle, and started off fresh upon our jour-
ney. My only satisfaction was that Mathias
had taken the road forward, so that with all
our trouble we had been progressing, and that
at even a more rapid rate than we had in-
tended. Another hour's ride brought us into
Fishamund, and I bade adieu to Mathias and
his master, by no means disinclined to find
myself so near my journey's end. My toilet
was terribly disturbed by the run and ride.
I freshened myself up in the best way under
the circumstances, and began to feel myself
happier at every step I advanced up the ro-
mantic wooded lane which led to Eichen-
wald.

Half an hour's walk up the steep path
brought me to a gateway of open woodwork,
and a few paces beyond, just as in a play,
stood a comely old gentleman in a loose gar-
den costume, crowned by a green skull cap,
with an enormous tip. This was no other
than old Stralich himself, and whom I em-
braced with all the affectionate ardor of a fu-
ture son-in-law. The next half hour was de-
lightful. The meeting with the two girls,
Amalie and Rosa, all smiles and blushes,
seemed only a prelude of the pleasure that
was to come; while the savory odor which
greeted my entrance into the house was an
agreeable foretaste, considering how hungry
I was, of the carnal comforts which were in
store for me. I was in high glee. I had
made a capital debut: I felt myself already at
home, and as I sat down to the tasty luncheon
already spread for me, I drained a glass of
wine in a silent toast to my own success.

I was deep in a cold party when Madame—I
beg her pardon—the Frau von Stralich, enter-
ed the room. Nothing could be more gra-
cious than her reception of me; and as the
Frau was of an ancient family, and exces-
sively formal, and was something to gain
her favor, I congratulated myself again upon
my good fortune. The good lady, however,
betrayed some uneasiness for which I could
not account, and after sniffing about the room
for some time, exclaimed suddenly—

"What have they served you with, Herr
Putz-onions?"

Some vague recollections of Mathias and
the cart struggled through my happier
thoughts for a moment, but I gave no serious
attention to them, and having regaled myself
to my satisfaction, snatched back into the
receiving-room, bearing upon my arm—a doll
that I was—my unlucky boursoine. With
a sort of fatality, which I cannot now under-
stand, I persisted in placing it in the most
conspicuous position; paraded it about like a
horse; laid it out upon the best chair; and yet
was so blind and senseless in my own vanity
as not to perceive that it reeked like a very
poison, and had a full-grown onion, half
crushed, in one pocket.

"Phew!" exclaimed old Stralich, as he
entered from the garden, "who has been peel-
ing onions in the room?"
Suddenly I fell upon the scent. It came
upon me in strength like the odor of an
orange grove, only of a different flavor. I
knew too well whence it came; but it was
too late to smudge my boursoine into the
slip-chamber, for, at the very moment the
two girls came flowing into the room, as fresh
as the flowers, and rustling and fluttering in
new silks and ribbons. I forgot my bour-
soine in the excitement caused by their en-
trance, and for the next half hour was as
happy as a prince, laughing and chatting
about Vienna, its theatres, its concerts, and
ball-saloons; and became so utterly oblivious
of Mathias and the onion cart, that, with cool
effrontery, I answered old Stralich's inquir-
ies as to how I had come, by the bluntest
that I had come to Fishamund by post. I



IMPROVED SKATE AND ANKLE BRACE.

The skate illustrated in the above en-
graving is the combined invention of J. P.
Blondin (the celebrated rope walker, Frank
Douglas, N. H. Spofford, and J. B. Herndon),
all of whom applied for separate patents on
the invention about the same time. An inter-
ference was declared at the Patent Office, but
before the day appointed for opening the evi-
dence in the case, the several parties com-
promised the matter between themselves, and
the patent was issued on October 26, 1898, to
Mr. Blondin, as agent to himself and all the
other parties named above.

Two brace plates, one, A, on each side, are
fastened to the heel of the skate by pivots
at their lower ends, and at their upper ends
also by pivots to a broad leather strap, which
passes around the leg above the ankle joint.
While this arrangement allows all the free-
dom of motion requisite to the foot, it pre-
vents that side-turning of the ankle-joint
which causes the greatest fatigue in skating,
and is the principal difficulty with begin-
ners.

The straps for fastening this skate, besides
being remarkably secure, operate as an extra
clothing to the foot, preventing that coldness
of the feet which is the principal discomfort
in this delightful exercise. These are shown
so plainly in the cut as hardly to require a
description. The heel strap, B, is in the form
of the counter to a shoe; the two pieces, C, C,
cover the sides of the foot, and the tongue, D,
passes from the toe over the top of the foot,
under all the narrow straps, to prevent
them from pressing in a way to produce pain
or injury.

Messrs. Douglas, Rogers & Co., of Nor-
wich, Conn., manufacture the skate, and to
them inquiries should be addressed.

little thought of the net I was weaving for
myself.

Old Stralich was proud of his daughters, but
still prouder of his son, Franz. Franz, more
properly speaking, had been despatched on a
mission to a neighboring landlady near Schwe-
chat, and was momentarily expected with a
company of young people, invited on my
account. Speaking of him, we naturally fell
upon the subject of youthful gaieties; of the
belles and gallants of the capital; of the last
new fashions; and then, as ill luck would
have it, upon my boursoine, which was the
last effort of inspiration of my Viennese
tailor. Old Stralich must needs examine it,
but had scarcely got it fairly into his hands
when he let it fall, with the exclamation,
"Phew! these onions again!" The devil
was in the boursoine, it seemed to breathe
onions.

At this moment we heard a merry shout in
the garden which saved me from any expla-
nation, for Rosa ran to the window, and
clapping her hands with joy, cried out with a
happy laugh, "Here comes Franz! and the
three Spitzhals with him." We all rose to re-
ceive such distinguished company; for a quartet
of nervousness came over me as the first
young Stralich, of whom I knew nothing,
should be formal or disagreeable enough to
spoil all my previous success, flushed over my
mind. But the bitch was not to be there.
He entered the room with a springy step,
stretching out his hand as he advanced to
watches me. I felt the blood rush up into the
very roots of my hair, for, as he grasped my
hand, he gave a shout of surprise, and, with a
loud laugh, exclaimed, "Himmel! ist you,
Herr Putz!"

By all that was male-props and diabolical,
it was the very stranger who had stopped
Mathias on the road when he bolted with the
onion cart! What was I to do? I laughed
also in the very bitterness of anguish, as, in
answer to the eager questioning of the two
girls and old Stralich, concerning the manner
of our acquaintanceship, Franz related the
story of my mishap, describing, with a hu-
morous fidelity, the whole scene of the bolt,
the race, and the capture. The three Spitzhals
were comers in, too—tall, raw lads, with mon-
strous ears—and they joined in the merriment
with huge guffaws. I hated them from my
heart out.

I was afraid to look at Amalie and Rosa;
but I felt rather than saw that they looked
wonderingly at me, and did not join in the
general laugh. The Frau von Stralich giv-
ing hysterically, and then checking herself
with a gulp, solemnly expressed her satisfac-
tion at having found out the secret of the
onions. As for old Stralich, he stood with
his hands behind his back and a heavy smile
upon his face, till, taking the assumed un-
concern and gaiety with which I tried to hide
my vexation for unblushing effrontery, he
turned suddenly upon me with the grave
severity of a judge, and said, "I thought you
came by the post, sir?"

This was the finishing stroke. I scarcely
knew what answer I returned. I was abash-
ed, humiliated, and could only seek a refuge
in a noisy, unnatural hilarity. Amalie was
lost—I knew that; and, in the rage of despair,
I could have tied myself up in my own bour-
soine, onions and all, and flung myself into
the Danube. However, I did not; but took
suddenly ill instead, and came home that very
night—by post!

I never saw the Stralichs or Eichenwald
again. Amalie is married, and I am not; and
I often think that if I had only had the
courage to keep to the truth and to tell my
own story, what a capital hit it would have
been!

So now, concluded my friend Max, with a
sigh, I have told them how it happened: let
it be a warning to them when they next
court.

dimory source of such information. There
are exceptions to the truth of this remark,
two of which occur in the case of the
moss, and must be placed in the great group
of literary landmarks. Lord Byron thus
writes:

"Breeze on eagle overtook his prey,
And for a moment, poised in mid-air,
Suspended the motion of his mighty wings,
Then swooped with the morning host."

The king of birds invariably seizes his prey
with the talons, carries it off to the nest, or
some other place of security, and there at
leisure uses the beak for tearing it up. Sir
Walter Scott, remarkably enough for a keen
sportsman, has misrepresented the natural
history of the falcon in the following pic-
ture, referring to Scottish ground:—

"Within a dreary glen,
Where scattered by the bones of men,
In some forgotten battle slain,
And bleached by drifting snow and rain;
The knot-grass fettered there the hand
Which once could burst an iron band:
Beneath the broad and ample bow,
That buckled heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The falcon, framed her lonely nest."

The bird is a migratory thrush, and one of
our winter visitors. But it does not breed in
England, nor build on the ground in its
native quarters. The nest is lodged in the
firs and larches of Norway, at the height of
from ten to forty feet.

But sometimes the poets have been right
and the naturalists wrong. It was formerly
believed that insects had not the sense of
hearing—a notion countenanced by Linnaeus
and Bonnet. A different and more correct
opinion Shakespeare expresses in the words:

"I will tell it softly:
You crickets shall not hear me."

The observations of Brunelli, an Italian natu-
ralist, are quite conclusive upon the point.
He kept several field crickets in a chamber,
which continued their crickets song through-
out the whole day; but the moment they heard
a knock at the door they were silent. He
subsequently invented a method of imitating
their sounds; and when he did so outside the
door, at first a few would venture on a soft
whisper, and by-and-by the whole party
burst out in a chorus to answer him; but
upon repeating the rap at the door, they in-
stantly stopped again, as if alarmed. He
likewise confined a male in one side of his
garden, while he put a female in the other, at
liberty, which began to leap as soon as she
heard the creak of the male, and immediately
came to him—an experiment which he fre-
quently repeated with the same result.

It would be marvellous some of the finest
strains of poetry so to change them as to cor-
rect the false zoology. But, quite apart from
this consideration, it would not be proper to
touch the erroneous passages, because faith-
ful representations of the ideas current in the
times when they were written. The case is
altogether different and wholly unjustifiable,
when a writer of the present day adopts an
old mistake of natural history, and gives cir-
culation to it as an undoubted fact in his
pages, for he then willfully makes them the
medium of conveying a false impression. No
fault can be found with the dramatist for
the misconception, as it was the belief of his
age:—

"I will play the swan,
And die in music."
"He makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music."

But exception may be fairly taken to the fol-
lowing recent iteration as a sober truth, of a
completely unfounded fancy:—

"What is that, mother?
"The swan, my love.
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eyes and uplamps his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may wait thee home."
—Dumas.

Most animals, on the approach of death, re-
tire from the companionship of their kind to
die in solitude. This the swan may do; but
certainly there is no musical accompaniment
in the case, for the bird is utterly incapable
of it. The domesticated, or mute swan, as it
is called, though not absolutely voiceless, has
no note, living or dying, but a hiss; and the
tone of the wild or whistling swan is suffi-
ciently harsh and dissonant. Here, by the
way, it may be stated that there is no founda-
tion for the common representation of the
nightingale's song as of the mournful cast:—

"Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes."
—Shakespeare.

"Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy."
—Milton.

If the notes seem plaintive, it is owing to the
listener's pensive mood, promoted by the
seclusion in which they are ordinarily heard,
with the night's sombre shadows. The song
is the outpouring of joy, not the vehicle of
sadness; and it is due mainly to the male
bird, who thus cheers his companion in the
discharge of her maternal duties.

As poetry is early and extensively read, it
is not a superfluous task, while one of some
interest, to point out a few instances of its
discrepancy with the advanced knowledge of
the age. In the "Midsummer Night's
Dream," the fairies are said to light their
tapers

"At the very glow-worm's eye."

But it is now known that the luminosity pro-
ceeds from the tail of the insect, and not from
the head. Thompson has the passage:—

"Along the crooked lane, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem, and through the
dark
A moving radiance twinkles."

The truth is, that the male glow-worm is
smaller than the female, and but rarely seen;
nor is it certainly determined whether it is

luminous at all or not. It is the female that
is so conspicuous, and so often observed. Of
another insect, Thompson says:—

"Light fly his shadow, if perchance a night
Of angry gnat's dust on the hand,
That, starting, comes from the shallow breast
In search of larval streams; tanning the foam,
They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the
phases,
Through all the bright severity of noon."

The description of the diatom of the cattle is
true enough; but their tormentor is solitary,
not social, in its habits. The fly appears
singly, not in a flight or swarm; and it is not
savage, but instinct, that leads the creature to
trouble the herd.

On October mornings, fine gossamer threads
are seen overlying the grass, the hedges, and
sometimes hanging high in air, to which
Quarles thus refers:—

"And now autumnal dews were seen
To cobweb every green."

It was the old idea that gossamer, the web of
the field-spider, was formed of dew evapora-
ted by the sun's heat into threads.

In Milton, we have the working bee repre-
sented as the female:—

"Swarming next,
The female bee, that feeds her husband drone,
Deliciously, and builds her waxen cells
With honey stored."

The working bees which form the mass of the
population are males or neuter; the
drones are the males; and of the queens, or
females, there is usually but one in a hive.

Southey, in the "Curse of Kehama," men-
tions

"The fabled birds of heaven, that never
Rest upon the earth, but on the wing forever,
Hovering o'er flowers, their fragrant food in-
hale,
Drink the descending dew upon its way,
And sleep aloft while floating on the gale."

This is a reference to the gorgeous birds of
paradise, which are limited to the little-known
regions of New Guinea, and the adjoining
Papuan archipelago, periodically migrating to
the Moluccas when the spice plants are in
blossom. In preparing and drying the skins,
the natives were in the habit of removing the
feet. In this state they were sold to the Ma-
layes, conveyed to India, and thence to Euro-
pe. Hence arose the idea that the birds had
really no feet, and consequently never
rested on the ground, but perpetually floated
in the air. Linnaeus styled one of the best-
known species "footless," *Paradisaea apoda*.

HAPPY MARRIAGES.

Ill-assorted marriages are, in a great num-
ber of instances, the result of parental remis-
sion, in not beginning early enough to instil
into the mind of the child such an aversion
to certain traits of character, and such a high
estimate of certain moral qualities, as a true
wisdom would dictate in the premises.

It certainly is not an impossible thing to
impress the youthful mind with an uncon-
querable repugnance against a character the
most striking trait of which is a contempti-
ble trickery, an abhorrent profanity, a little-
sounded meanness, or a degrading animalism.
Just as well may the young heart be fortified
against loving the miser, the spendthrift and
the gambler—against those whose prominent
exhibitions demonstrate an insatiable, an all-
absorbing selfishness or stony-heartedness; or
a contempt of honest labor, of religion, or of
pecuniary obligation. While our children
may be early taught an aversion to such
traits of character, their admiration may be
cultivated for all that is manly and honorable
and self-sacrificing; for all that is true and
pure and generous; for all who are industrious,
diligent and economical.

It is unwise to hope for domestic happiness
in the possession of a single favorable trait of
character; it is better to look for a combina-
tion, and they are to be most congratulated
who can discern and woo and win the pos-
sessor of the largest number of good points.
First of all, the man whom you love, the wo-
man whom you adore, should possess a high
sense of right and wrong; next, bodily health;
and, thirdly, moral bravery, a courage to be
industrious, economical and self-denying.
With these three traits, principle, health, and
a soul that can do and dare all that one
ought to, domestic felicity will abide. None
ought to marry, who cannot command the
means of enabling them to live in comfort
according to their station in life, without
grinding economies.

It is useless to talk about love in a cottage.
The littleascal always runs away when there
is no bread and butter on the table. There is
more love in a full four-barrel than in all the
roses and posies and woodlilies that ever
grew.

No mechanic should marry until he is mas-
ter of his trade; nor a professional man until
his income is adequate to the style of life
which he determines upon; nor the merchant
until his clear annual gains are equal to his
domestic expenditures, unless indeed there
are, in either case, independent and uncondi-
tional sources of income.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

THE IMPUDENCE OF THE PURPLE MARTIN.
—As is the case with many familiar birds,
such as the robin, the sparrow, and the swal-
low, the purple martin is a most fearless and
wither quarrelsome bird, greatly delighting
in annoying any other bird that may happen
to be larger than itself, and trusting to its
great command of wing for impunity. Hawks
of all kinds, crows, jays, and similar birds
live in constant terror of the purple martin,
which no sooner sees the hateful form of a
hawk or crow in the distance, that it flies at
him savagely, and makes such rapid and vic-
ious pounces, that the wretched victim is fain
to escape as he best can from the attacks of
his small but determined foe. Even the eagle
enjoys no immunity from the persecution of
the purple martin, which dashes at the regal
bird with as much assurance as if it were only
chasing a pigeon.

High words. Conversation is a bal-
loon.

"I'LL THINK OF THY KISS, LOVE!"

On the banks of the river,
Mid the rustle of the deep—
On the calm of the pillow,
When the tempest's asleep—
At the blush of the morning,
When the sun o'er the sea
The gold of its dawning
Comes flashing and free—
At the dawning of daylight,
When slow sinks the sun
With the pride of a monarch
Whose conquest is won—
In the hour of sorrow,
In the moment of bliss,
I'll think of thy voice, love,
I'll think of thy kiss.

On the banks of the Douro,
Mid the groves of old Spain,
When the waltz of Bolero
Wakes passion again—
In the halls of Alhambra,
Where married appears
The splendor of kingdoms,
The ruin of years—
By the side of the fountain,
In the noise of its murmur,
Mid the depths of the mountain,
Where the bandits have birth—
In the hour of silence,
Mid whisper and prayer,
I will think of your voice, love,
I will think of your kiss.

In the beauty of Florence,
Where art has her home—
Mid the grandeur of Venice,
The shores of Rome—
In the wrecks of past glory,
Where skeletons seem,
In the vagueness of story,
The kings of a dream—
In the carnival's madness,
When riot runs free,
And revel wine seduces
To share in its glee—
In the midst of their rapture,
In visions like this,
I will think of thy voice, love,
I will think of thy kiss.

In the hush of the midnight,
When weary and lone,
The shadows shall haunt me
Of days that are gone—
And remembrance shall tell me
How like is my pride
To the half-buried column
That sleeps by my side,
No temple to claim it,
No worship to share—
Alone in its ruin,
Alone in despair;
Oh! then in my anguish,
How soothing the bliss,
To think of thy voice, love,
To think of thy kiss!

GEORGE HARLAND'S WOOING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

George Harland stood twirling his cane, and now and then switching off the pretty pink clover heads with this slender object of masculine worship, while pretty little Daisy Dimple reclined beneath the great sugar maple, twisting her little fingers in and out of a little tuft of violets, scattering the delicate petals ruthlessly about upon the dark green turf.

"Don't, Daisy. Don't tear the poor little flowers to pieces so. Is that the way you trifle with the hearts of you adores; use them while for your own pleasure, and then crush them as you are crushing those poor little violets?"

Daisy repeated mockingly, "Don't, George. Don't beat those poor flowers to pieces so. Is that the way you trifle with the heads of those that love you; use them while for your pleasure, and then beat them to pieces with your cane, as you do those poor clovers?"

George broke into a mellow laugh, but in a moment the serious, half-sad expression came back to his face, and he said pleadingly, as he bent his handsome head toward her, "Gather them up, Miss Ellen, and give them to me for a parting gift. Then when far away, immersed in the toils and cares of the busy, humming city, I shall take out this little faded knot of flowers, and looking upon them, will fancy I see the sweetest flowers and fresh green grass of the quiet country. And above all, I shall see the face of my little friend, Daisy Dimple, peeping out at me through a clump of rosebushes, or from behind a haystack! Give them to me, Daisy, please."

Ellen threw a handful of the mutilated flowers in his face with a merry laugh, and a "Take that for laughing at me!" but her merry face soon sobered down again into an expression of demure earnestness.

"Won't you, Daisy?" he asked again.

She looked up into his face one moment as if to read the real motive that prompted the request, and then without a word began carefully to gather up the freshest looking flowers and arrange them in a tasteful bouquet.

"I shall miss you so much, Daisy," said George sadly, as he watched the tiny dimpled fingers of the little country maiden, arranging the violets. "There's no one who would care half so much whether I was comfortable, as you have done, were I to fall ill again. Shall you feel sorry to have me go?"

"Yes," was answered in a clear, distinct tone, which disappointed Mr. Harland greatly. He wanted to detect a tremulous accent in the little hoyden's voice which should tell him she really did care. "I shan't have any one to romp with when you are away. Oh! George, what will I do? I won't have any one to ride races with me, or hold the egg basket while I climb into the haymow to get eggs for fresh puddings. Oh!"

She pursed up her pretty little cherry lips with such a comical expression, that George Harland laughed again. But the next moment he was again serious.

"May I come again to Lotuswood in Autumn, Daisy? Say I may come?"

"To be sure you may. Do come and help me bend down the persimmon bushes for their delicious, puckery fruit, and I'll save the biggest pickles for you, and a whole lot of cherries to make rolls—you're so fond of them."

"Thank you."

He tried hard not to laugh again, but little Ellen Dimple possessed a strange power of making people merry, even with her brown eyes turned away from their faces, and her pretty little phiz peeped up in the most becoming gravity.

"Ellen, do throw aside your gaiety for duty, and speak to me seriously," he pleaded, taking the soft, dimpled hand in his own. "Tell me that you care for me a little—that you are sorry to have me go, and will be glad to have me come again."

"Certainly, I care for you. I am quite sorry to have you go, and will be glad to have you come again," she answered, with such grave precision he was again baffled.

Was this gentle, hoydenish little country maiden, proof against his fascinations. He was greatly chagrined.

"I must leave you now, Daisy," he said, sadly. "But I shall carry away with me a remembrance of the happiest hours of my life. I can never forget this summer at Lotuswood."

Daisy's eyes drooped, and George Harland almost fancied he could see tears gathering upon the long, brown lashes. But that very pleasant illusion was dispelled in a moment, for she broke into a ringing peal of laughter.

"Oh! it was so funny!" she articulated through convulsive bursts of merriment. "I was just thinking about our long ramble, and happened to remember our race through the meadow, the time you tumbled into the frog-pool in trying to catch me for the cluster of ripe cherries I stole from your basket."

George colored deeply. The little imp had led him many a wild goose chase, from which he came off with anything but flying colors, and the remembrance of his many awkward blunders, mortified him beyond measure. However, he put a light face on the matter, and said coaxingly,

"Now, Daisy, one favor—only one, and I must go. Will you promise to grant it—this last request?"

"Conditionally. If agreeable to me, I'll grant it."

"Ah! Daisy! Well, it's this—give me just one kiss—only as a brother—kiss me once, just as you would kiss a brother at parting."

That was an admirable hit. Of course, she must kiss him now. She could not refuse to kiss a brother, and he would stand her in the stead of one. It could not wound even her delicacy to kiss him as she would a brother.

Ellen's eyes danced roguishly, but she looked very demure.

"Well, if you must go, good-bye, George, take good care of yourself, and when you come down to Lotuswood, bring me the great wax-doll you promised me. There, now—bend down your head."

She placed her little plump white arms up over her neck with an irresistibly frank movement, and held up the tempting red lips in such close proximity, that George felt a tingling sensation to his finger ends, but just as he was about to press his own upon them, she darted away like a fawn, and a ringing laugh came ringing back to him, heightening his disappointment almost to anger.

"Confound the luck! That girl is absolutely maddening! I wish I'd never seen her!"

With this very amiable wish he whirled away and leaped the fence into the highway, and in a very little while the old lumbering coach was bearing him away toward the teeming city.

An hour later, Miss Daisy Dimple might have been seen seated at the little piano in the parlor of the great, rambling farm house, a room which had been rigorously closed since the coming of George Harland to Lotuswood farm.

Ellen had her own especial reasons for this, which we must admit, were somewhat romantic.

She had taken an idea into her little head, that he might fall in love with her, and if he did, she was resolved that it should be for her little self alone—not for any advantages of education or accomplishments she possessed, and little Ellen Dimple was both educated and accomplished.

"If a man could not love me enough for my natural self, without the aid of ornament, or mind, or body, he don't deserve to have me, and I'll never marry till I find one who would love and take me without shame, despite my hoydenish propensities and want of accomplishments. If I don't find him, why, I'll never marry," she said once.

This was an odd idea for the little miss, but odd as it was, she was carrying it out with George Harland. He should not know that she was anything but a simple, uneducated little country maid, and she would be more hoydenish than ever in his presence, and yet captivate him in spite of himself. Good Mrs. Dimple remonstrated against this, for she was proud of her pretty daughter's "fine ways" and "learning," but Ellen generally "ruled the mess," and had things her own way.

But we are digressing. Little Daisy sat at the piano with her head drooped upon the white ivory keys, and a few tears, as bright as pearls, glistened upon them, but there was a half-sad, half-mischiefous smile on her red lips. Soon she raised her head, and a look of tenderness and intense longing swept over her fair face as she touched the keys with a soft strain.

"Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee!"

"Hoigho! what am I singing?" She checked herself suddenly, and a crimson wave stained her fair cheek till it was scarlet. Then she broke into a low, rippling laugh.

"What a little niddy I am," she said softly.

"I'm sure I don't care anything about him! How handsome he did look, though, when he



PROPOSED MONUMENT TO SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

The above is a representation of the monument which it is proposed to erect to the memory of the great Scottish hero, Sir William Wallace. It is to be erected on Abbey Craig, the ascent to which is through a plantation by a steep path, which winds about the hill to its bare summit, two hundred and sixty feet above the plain. A pole sketched atop with metal, and scribbled all over with names aspiring to the notoriety of such a record, indicates the site of the projected memorial; likewise a box to receive subscriptions. Here Wallace is said to have stood while his valorous Scots defeated the forces of Warren and Cressingham at Kildonan Ford, a bridge over Forth, on the 11th of September, 1297. The precipitous descent to the left is still called Wallace's Pass. In front, lies Stirling, its grey towers climbing the slope of the castle Rock; beneath winds the river in perpetual sinuities.

In the neighborhood of this spot, is one of the oldest monuments in Scotland—two rude upright stones, said to commemorate the victory of Kenneth MacAlpine over the Picts, in the time of Charlemagne.

The proposed monument to Wallace, is to consist of a lofty and imposing Scottish baronial tower, upwards of 300 feet high and 30 feet square, having walls of a thick and massive construction, of not less than 15 feet at the base, and tapering to from 5 to 6 feet at the top. The masonry is to be of a strong and enduring nature. At the east side of the tower, according to the plan, is the keeper's house, between which and the

monument is an open court-yard entered by a massive circular arched gateway, having bold mouldings characteristic of the Scottish baronial style, above which is placed the heraldic arms of Sir William Wallace. Passing through a gateway into a stone arched passage, a straight flight of steps set in the thickness of the wall leads to an open octagonal winding staircase, the walls of which are of solid ashlar work. This staircase conduces to several spacious and lofty halls, the ceilings and floors of which are fire-proof, being arched with brick, having the floors laid with mosaic tiles. It is proposed to set apart these rooms as visitors' or reliquary rooms, or a museum for the reception of old armor and other antiquarian relics illustrative of Scottish history. The apex of the monument exhibits the form of an imperial crown, of much grace and beauty, at once forming a most appropriate and graceful termination to the whole, and which cannot fail to present a most striking outline when seen against the open sky. The summit of the monument will command magnificent views of a wide expanse of country.

It is curious to think of the veneration in which the memories of Wallace and Bruce are held in Scotland, and then remember that Scotland and England are now united countries, after the long, vindictive and bloody wars in which the Scottish heroes distinguished themselves against the English "tyrants." Truly nature and circumstances are stronger even than human jealousy and hate.

took those little violets and placed them in his bosom.

Then, as if to check the flood of her own thoughts, Ellen struck off into a brilliant waltz, and after playing it about half through, bounced up, and danced out of the room, swinging her hat, by the long blue ribbon, round her head as she went.

Her father met her at the foot of the stairs, holding a letter in his hand.

"For me, papa? Oh! from Cousin Lucy? I'm so glad!"

She broke the seal, and read little snatches aloud.

"Going to have a birth-day party, and you must be sure to come. Can't possibly get along without you."

"Oh, pa, may I go?"

"Where; to your cousin's party?"

"Yes."

"Do you wish it very much?"

"Oh, yes! It would be so nice. Say I may go, darling papa?"

"You may go if you wish, certainly, my daughter, though we shall miss you very much. When will it be?"

"Let me see. Next week, Lucy says, and 'I must hurry.' Oh, how much will have to be done, fussing and fixing; and such a short time, too."

"Oh, don't fret. You can go to-morrow, and make Lucy help you with your wardrobe," said Mr. Dimple, stroking back great brown waves of hair from the smooth brow of his daughter.

"Oh, papa, you're so good, so kind to me! What would become of me without my dear, good parents?" and she kissed him in her quick, impulsive, hearty way.

The next morning, Miss Daisy Dimple took her seat in the lumbering old stage coach for St. Louis, and on the evening of the same day, arrived safely at her Cousin Lucy's residence.

Miss Lucy herself, and her mother, Mrs. Lemoine, met her with a welcome that warmed her little heart to the very core. Both were very kind-hearted, loving women, and loved little Daisy's innocent, artless face and prattle, better than anything else in the world.

For the next few days everything was hurry and bustle in Mrs. Lemoine's establishment. Ellen and Lucy sat half buried in heaps of ribbons, laces, feathers, and satins, and all sorts of finery heaped up in one indiscriminate mass.

"I intend you to look your very best, my little cousin," said Lucy, the day before that fixed for the party. The *Irresistible*—hat is, Mr. George Harland—will be here, and he is the most noted masculine flirt in town. He actually believes it impossible for a girl to look at him without falling in love; while he, for his own part, is rock, adamant. He never felt a really tender emotion which might be

about her he could not resist. He had learned to love this simple child with all the strength of his strong, passionate nature, but he never once thought to marry her. That was out of the question. What would his proud sister say to such a match, and how could he, the possessor of a large fashionable circle, introduce a little ignorant country maiden on his wife? That was absurd, and he dismissed the faintest shadow of such a dream.

"I presume you do not dance?" he said, as the crowd began surging toward the saloons where came forth sounds of entrancing music.

"That depends upon whether any person invites me," she replied demurely. "I dance at home."

"Yes, but—country dances—you know?" he stammered rather confusedly. "Ours in the city are different."

"Oh! I dare say."

At this moment a gentleman came up to Miss Dimple requesting the honor of her hand for the first set, and with a slight nod to Harland, she placed her hand upon his arm and walked off. George looked after her, twirling in every loop. He fully expected to see the girl the laughing stock of the whole assembly, and he loved her too well not to feel agonized at the thought. However, he followed her, drawn by an irresistible desire to see what a figure she would make, and the result was indeed satisfying. He could scarcely believe his own eyes when he saw her moving through the quadrille or whirling in the bewildering waltz, the admired of all admirers, and followed everywhere by a hum of rapturous admiration.

When he again gained a place at her side and requested the honor of her hand, she was "engaged," and remained "engaged" the entire evening.

During the weeks that followed, George Harland was a constant visitor at Mrs. Lemoine's. He was fascinated, bewildered with her beauty, and a few stray glances peeping inadvertently out from Daisy's hoydenish assumption, almost reconciled him to the idea of proposing at once.

At last passion did triumph over pride, and he resolved to marry her in spite of ignorance and hoydenism. He loved her better than all the world, and regardless of everything else, he would make her his wife, and thus secure his own happiness. So he dressed himself carefully, called upon her, proposed, and—was refused.

Did ever man receive such a blow? He to refuse her, after he had struggled so hard with his pride to reconcile himself to the sacrifice! Oh, it was too much! It half-maddened him.

He scarcely ever knew how he got over the first week, but at the end of that time he had resolved to leave the scene of such bitter, life-long disappointment, and seek forgetfulness in a distant land. He would see her once more, bid her farewell, and then leave forever.

He found her alone in the parlor, looking a little pale and sad, but perfectly calm and self-possessed. She held out her hand to him in her old, friendly way.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Harland."

"Are you? It will be the last time," he replied sadly. "I'm going away, Daisy."

"Going away?" there was a little flutter in her voice as she uttered the exclamation.

"Yes; why should I stay near you, hopeless, miserable. I have nothing to hope or care for now. Nothing to do but to seek forgetfulness."

Daisy was silent.

"Daisy," he said again, softly and pleadingly, "let me hear once more one of the little songs you used to sing for me at Lotuswood. Will you? Then I will leave you, and trouble you no more."

She crossed the room, much to Harland's surprise, and seated herself at the piano. Crossing the room he stood beside her, watching the little dimpled fingers, white as ivory, moving so gracefully over the keys, and listening to the rich, well-cultivated voice as it rose and swelled out mechanically, in a state of wild bewilderment. He could scarcely believe that it was the same voice he now heard, that had once thrilled those simple airs for his amusement down at Lotuswood farm. And then the words—could he be dreaming?

"Oh! say not the world has no joy for thee. Alone and all hopeless on life's troubled sea! If love or compassion can gladness impart, Then come to thy home, the home in my heart, Evermore!"

He caught her in his arms, rained warm kisses upon her cheeks, lips, and forehead, almost sobbing with joy and thankfulness, and she did not struggle or strive to put him from her.

My dear readers, in a very short time from this period, George Harland's wooing had a happy termination, and he now claims little Daisy Dimple for a wife; now Daisy Dimple no more, but Mrs. Ellen Harland.

THE AGE OF FORTY SIX.—Thomas Hood died at the age of forty-six, at the very moment when he had excited the greatest expectations. There seems to be a fatality at this period of life for a certain class of intellects, nearly as great as that which has rendered the age of thirty-seven dangerous to the higher ranks of artistic genius—to Raphael, to Mozart, to Burns, to Byron. It is the grand climacteric of a soldier's and the statesman's life. At forty-six Pat gave up the ghost, and passed away in the prime of his powers. At forty-six Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo, and ended his career. At forty-six Wellington won that battle, and may be said almost to have commenced his civil career. At forty-seven Nelson's hour had come at Trafalgar. In literature, we find that Spenser died at forty-six, Addison at forty-seven, Goldsmith at forty-six, Hood at forty-six.

A garrulous fop, who had annoyed by his frivolous remarks his partner in the ball-room, among other empty things asked whether "she had ever had her ears pierced."

"No," was the reply, "but I've had them bored."

THE WOODCUTTER'S STORY.

A STORY BY HENRY WATSON.

One beautiful afternoon in Spring, I was sitting with my old friend the woodcutter, on the skirt of the wood which crowns the hill that looks down upon my native village. The sun began to decline in the west, and the still warm rays made golden-chambered light in the hazy shade of the forest. Close and far-coming was to be heard the song of some brightly-plumaged bird, where I watched, with what intention I do not know, the woodcutter's hammer busily at work on the ladder-joints of the trunk, and a flock called *haddock* with. No other sound, but these interrupted the ringing, sparkling, quietness; and the soft, hazy, hazy of which was there to move the legs of the woodcutter. At one of these moments, in which the woodcutter seems to be wholly and to which the lively glances of the old glaze the second made. All at once, unexpected, there glided into this peaceful harmony a tremendous rushing sound, as if the spirit of destruction was flying over the crown of the mighty forest with gigantic wings; the tops of the trees bent down, and came in contact with each other, like human beings going to mutual attack.

I was terror-struck, and, expecting and fearing the downfall of those high trees, I ran wildly into the open field. I ran till I was a hundred paces from the edge of the forest, and then I took courage to look back for my old friend. He also had gone away a little from the wood, and was now standing there, quietly watching the strange disturbance of the elements. I felt ashamed of my hasty flight, when I saw his calm composure, and approached the wood again. Wonderful enough, the hurricane blew thus furiously over only a small piece of the wood, of scarcely one hundred fathoms. The crown of the fir trees bent like flexible reeds in a whirling, but further off no branch moved, no leaf trembled. Starting in wonder, I looked on the strange mysterious phenomenon. It lasted about ten minutes; and then, as quickly as it had come, the movement subsided; the trees stood again straight, like soldiers under a rigid command; no leaf whirled, no branch moved.

"What was that?" I asked, awaking from my surprise.

My friend, who looked earnest and gloomy, but not frightened, answered:—

"I knew both of them, though they have now been buried these thirty years. They passed; each of them, some land hereabouts; they were rich men, and respected, and yet they let themselves be tempted by the Evil One to move the marking-stone further into the wood; and it is exactly that piece upon which you saw the storm blow that they appropriated by their crime. But it brought them into a legal dispute with their neighbors; and it came to pass that they had to prove their *bona fide* (or whatever the lawyers call it) possession by a solemn oath. The person, who instructed them about what a thing an oath is, spoke words piercing to the soul; how the perjurer cuts himself off from his God and Lord; how he renounces for ever a happy immortality, and binds himself over to the demon of darkness. On hearing this, the two men shuddered to the marrow of their bones, and mutually vowed, when going home, to desist from so infamous a deed.

"During the time of the process, their wives had lived in furious enmity with the wife of their husband's adversaries. Now, the thought of giving in, and of leaving victory in the hands of their enemies, put these women in a state of fire and rage. They called their husbands cowards and fools, who were going to ruin their families on account of a silly fear. Thus upbraided, the good resolutions of the men were at length destroyed. The day for the sitting of the court had come. From far and near the people were collecting. The room was full; head appeared beyond head, and the two men had to stand forth. Doors and windows were then opened, and the judge read, with impressive voice, the warning against perjury. In thick drops stood the perspiration on the forehead of the two. But when the judge asked, for the last time, if they really were going to take the oath, they obdurately answered 'Yes.' Their hands rose, and, pale as death, they repeated the fearful form. The process was won. The multitude quitted the room, convinced that perjury had been committed."

This account made me shudder. My old friend looked earnestly in my face, and proceeded with the rest of the tale. "In the same year, God called from the earth those two men, in the fulness of their strength; and I have observed the dreadful inexplicable hurricane on the small, narrow piece of wood every year since, about the time of the perjury."

My old friend was evidently superstitious, like many of the poor people on the edge of the Black Forest, and elsewhere. The noise doubtless arose from any eddy of wind passing over the trees from a ravine in the mountains. At the same time I was not displeased to mark the horror in which "bearing false witness" was held, nor was I unmindful of the solemn imprecation in the old Mosiac law, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbor's landmark!"

Fun, says Quilp, is the most conservative element of society, and ought to be cherished and encouraged by all lawful means. People never plot mischief when they are merry. Laughter is an enemy to malice, a foe to scandal, and a friend to every virtue. It promotes good temper, enlivens the heart, and brightens the intellect. Let us laugh when we can.

What strange things girls are. Offer one of them good wages to work for you, and ten chances to one if the old woman can spare any of her girls; but just propose matrimony, and see if they don't jump at the very chance of working a life-time for board and clothes.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE FLOUGHING PATRIOTS.—A new religious corporation has been established in Algeria, under the name of "The Floughing Patriots." These monks have imposed on themselves the task of ploughing successively and gratuitously all the uncultivated portions of the soil of that colony, which they will then make over to the State for the use of emigrants.

EMERALD INVENTOR.—Elizabeth M. Smith, of Burlington, New Jersey, has patented a much desired improvement in reaping and mowing machines, which renders their use a matter of safety, consisting of a device for throwing them in and out of gear by means of the driver's seat. Thus, when the driver takes his seat, his weight throws it into gear, and when he leaves his seat the machine is thrown out of gear.

THE BRASSLAW LEE.—The Rutland (Vt.) Courier states that John Burnham, formerly of that county, but now of Wisconsin, is believed to be the heir of a small fortune of twenty-two millions of dollars. The British Government were obliged to hunt him up, as the heir of John Burnham, who died many years ago. The present John Burnham is a relative who settled at Ipswich, Mass. There is no mistake in this case of fortune hunting, or fortune seeking, as he is said to be the papers are all made out.

PARIS CHOWDER.—Such is the crowded state of the Paris thoroughfares that during the past year five thousand persons have been wounded, and seven hundred killed, by the vehicles of all kinds which fill the streets, and render the crossings of the latter almost impossible to pedestrians. The erection of underground railways and of crossing bridges for foot-passengers is proposed, and will probably be decided upon.

BUILDING SOCIETIES IN ENGLAND.—Building societies are now most important institutions in England. It seems that there are now about 2,000 of them in existence, and that their paid-up capital is not less than forty millions of dollars.

THE Boston Medical and Surgical Journal says that tobacco, when smoked, prevents a clergyman's sore throat. It has been said that if any instances of this effect can be found to exist in those in the habit of smoking, and we know of one or two instances where it yielded at once to the influence of tobacco. It probably acts by allaying commencing irritation, which, if allowed to increase, would end in inflammation, and perhaps by counteracting any spasmodic condition of the surrounding muscles—a very natural source of trouble in this distasteful disease.

THE population of New York city, according to the Census, is 914,777.

THE HOCH CHOLERA.—One house in Lafayette, Indiana, has lost 1,400 hogs by the cholera this season, and the disease still prevails all along the Wabash.

Mons. BOLAR, who in 1848 had not money enough to buy a dinner every day, and who now is worth \$600,000, has wisely retired from business, where he made his rapid fortune. He has bought a fine estate near Bordeaux, and divides his time, henceforth, six months on his estate, three months at Naples, and three months in Paris.

THE Pennsylvania coal trade is unprecedentedly lively; 25,000 tons have been brought on this week more than last.

THE centrifugal gun was exhibited in Boston last week. It is claimed by the inventor, Mr. Dickenson, that this gun will throw 500 balls per minute at a long range, without powder or cap, simply by turning a crank like a coffee-mill. The balls are fed into a funnel with a shovel, from which the gun feeds itself. It throws its shot singly, but continuously, at a rate equal to the incessant fire of 10,000 men.

PROFESSOR WHITWORTH has been practicing on the credulity of the residents of Yeovil, a rural town of England, by displaying his skill in electro-biology. One young man, whom he had got under his power, was made to believe that a gentleman near him was a young woman; and under the direction of the professor, the former was made to fall violently in love with the latter. He displayed his affection by walking up to his object and kissing him several times. So enraged and insulted was the victim of the electro-biology art, that he caned the professor violently in the presence of his audience; and innumerable summonses, and cross summonses have been the result. What the lawyers will make out of this scientific case remains to be seen.

A YOUNG man named Luke Divine, living with Mr. S. E. Todd, at Lake Ridge, Tompkins county, N. Y., husked in one forenoon, and quit at 12 o'clock, *forty bushels* of corn, and bound up all his stalks but five stocks. The corn, while standing, was said to be the best in the region. Whether he had this job of husking to get up pretty early in the morning, as the doer probably did to perform it.—*Franklin Visitor.*

RATHER PARTICULAR.—A lady of Boston, Mass., writing to a friend, says:—"A ragged little urchin came to my door not long since, asking for old clothes. I brought him a vest and pair of pants, which I thought would be a comfortable fit. Young America took the garments and examined each, then, with a discomfited look, said, 'there ain't no watch pocket!'"

ONE OF THE "YANKEE TRIBES."—A little incident which occurred to a correspondent of the New York Sun, in North Wales, indicates the amusing ignorance of some of our transatlantic cousins respecting America and Americans. In the cars to Holyhead (he says) I fell into conversation with a plump and comfortable-looking Welsh woman who, on learning that I was an American, inquired, with considerable curiosity, "What tribe do you belong to?" "To the tribe of Yankees," was my instant rejoinder. She nodded in a satisfied manner, and said "she had heard of them."

A DISPATCH from New Orleans says the planters are holding back their cotton, with the design of arresting any further downward movement of the staple. The decline already submitted to on the balance of the crop yet to be received (estimating the whole crop at 4,000,000 bales), amounts in round figures to about \$15,000,000.

ABOLITION OF PASSPORTS IN FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the Newark Advertiser says it is in contemplation to abolish the passport system in France. The subject is now under examination of the French Government.

THE Georgia Methodist Conference, now in session, has appointed a committee to prepare an address condemnatory of the custom in the Navy of requiring the use of the Episcopalian form of service on board of ships of war.

REAL ESTATE IN DUBUQUE.—The ASCENDING DESCENDING SCALE. The Dubuque Herald publishes the following summary of the assessment rolls of Dubuque for a number of years:

Assessments	1854	1855	1856	1857	1858	1859	1860
Assessments	\$2,702,638	4,325,500	8,221,236	10,306,000	6,000,017	4,854,000	2,025,302

These figures show a rapid advance in the value of real estate, which culminated in 1857, and still more rapid decline since then, until the assessed value of Dubuque real estate now is less than it was six years ago.

UNION LABOR.—"Canada," the able correspondent of the London Weekly Dispatch, has the following pithy paragraph in one of his letters:

"The unseemly labor of London is worth a hundred fold of that which is seen. That unseemly labor becomes visible enough in its results, though these are rarely traced to their origin. Mental labor feeds London bodily. Take away the earnings by the brain from this metropolis, and the earners by the hand would soon see how much less they might find to do. Two-thirds of their bread would be wanting to them. The brain-work helps mightily to create the demand as well as to supply the means. It was calculated that by merely writing his novels, Walter Scott found employment and pay for what would be a town of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants; and those directly benefited, the suppliers and the professional dependents on the workers, were not, I believe, included. I take this as the most familiar instance. Take a newspaper like the one whose editor I am addressing; its brain-work is the life of hundreds of industrial families."

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th instant, by Mayor Henry, at the La Pierre House, JOHN BROADBENT, of Del. county, to ELIZABETH F. FARMORE, of this city, eldest daughter of John L. Farmore, Esq.
At Chesterport, Kent county, Md. on the 26th of Nov. by the Rev. Geo. C. Wickes, WILLIAM H. WILSON, Esq. of York, Pa. to SALLIE A. WICKES, daughter of Col. Jos. Wickes.
On the 24th instant, at St. Mark's Church, by the Rev. Daniel F. Appleton, FREDERICK CARRA, to MARY FULTON, daughter of Chas. Wright.
On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. J. H. Kennerly, Mr. JOHN C. COLE, to Miss HANNAH ELLI, both of this city.
On the 17th of Oct. by the Rev. M. W. Conna, Mr. JAMES BARNES, to Miss LIZZIE C. VAN BUREN, both of this city.
On the 20th ultimo, at the residence of Capt. Wm. A. Gray, by the Rev. F. Moore, Mr. ALICE GRAY, to Miss AMANDA BARNES, daughter of Wm. Beeley, Esq. both of this city.
On Thursday evening, Nov. 20th, by the Rev. Wm. H. Luckenbach, Mr. FRED. RIMOLD, to Miss AMANDA KNEBEL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday morning, Nov. 27th, of diphtheria, CAROL N. daughter of Mary N. and W. H. Hamilton, M. D. of Odessa, Ind. aged 11 years.
On the morning of the 24th instant, ARTHUR J. MONTGOMERY, eldest son of the late William J. Montgomery, and grandson of the late Andrew Montgomery, Jr. in his 30th year.
On the morning of the 4th instant, JERMA JOSEPHINE, daughter of the late Jos. Berlingue.
On the 24th ultimo, PETER ALLARDICE, in his 87th year.
On the 24th of Dec. HENRY WHITE, in his 67th year.
At Carlisle Barracks, Nov. 30th, WILLIAM M. WILSON, son of the late Jas. Wilson, of Carlisle, Pa. in his 32d year.
On the 24th instant, Mr. CHARLES L. CARR, aged 73 years.
On the 1st instant, Mrs. CATHERINE DAWLEY, wife of Conrad Dawley, Sr. in her 80th year.
On the 24th instant, ELIZABETH DEVER, wife of Wm. Dever, in her 40th year.
On the 24th instant, Mr. AUGUSTUS ERLMANN, in his 80th year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTOR FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 30 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

LOANS.	RAILROAD STOCKS.
U. S. 4 1/2 per cent. 105	Pennsylvania 100
" 5 1/2 per cent. 105	Delaware & Maryland 100
" 6 per cent. 105	Reading 100
Phil. & P. 4 1/2 per cent. 105	Lehigh Valley 100
" 5 1/2 per cent. 105	" 4 1/2 per cent. 105
" 6 per cent. 105	" 5 1/2 per cent. 105
U. S. 4 1/2 per cent. 105	" 6 per cent. 105
" 5 1/2 per cent. 105	" 7 per cent. 105
" 6 per cent. 105	" 8 per cent. 105
U. S. 4 1/2 per cent. 105	" 9 per cent. 105
" 5 1/2 per cent. 105	" 10 per cent. 105
" 6 per cent. 105	" 11 per cent. 105
U. S. 4 1/2 per cent. 105	" 12 per cent. 105
" 5 1/2 per cent. 105	" 13 per cent. 105
" 6 per cent. 105	" 14 per cent. 105
U. S. 4 1/2 per cent. 105	" 15 per cent. 105
" 5 1/2 per cent. 105	" 16 per cent. 105
" 6 per cent. 105	" 17 per cent. 105
U. S. 4 1/2 per cent. 105	" 18 per cent. 105
" 5 1/2 per cent. 105	" 19 per cent. 105
" 6 per cent. 105	" 20 per cent. 105

BANK LIST.

CORRECTOR FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 30 South Third Street.

No. 39 South Third Street.		Philadelphia, December 8, 1860.	
PENNSYLVANIA.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Bills part to 2 dis	All bills	—	dis
NEW JERSEY.		ONTARIO.	
Bills part to 1/2 dis	Solv bills	3 1/2	dis
DELAWARE.		OHIO.	
Bills part to 1/2 dis	Solv bills	2	dis
MARYLAND.		KENTUCKY.	
Bills part to 2 dis	Solv bills	2	dis
more part to 3 dis	Solv bills	2	dis
NEW YORK.		INDIANA.	
Bills part to — dis	State Bank	2	dis
MAINE.		ILLINOIS.	
Bills part	Solv bills	10	dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		MISSOURI.	
Bills part	Solv bills	10	dis
VERMONT.		TENNESSEE.	
Bills part	Old bills	5	dis
CONNECTICUT.		MICHIGAN.	
Bills part	Solv bills	5	dis
MASSACHUSETTS.		WISCONSIN.	
Bills part	Solv bills	10	dis
RHODE ISLAND.		TEXAS.	
Bills part	Commercial and Ag-		
VIRGINIA.		ricultural Bank,	
Bills 5 dis	Galveston	—	dis
N. C. OF COLUMBIA.		IOWA.	
Bills 3 dis	State bk	10	dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.		KANSAS.	
Bills — dis	Kansas Valley bk	10	dis
GEORGIA.		MINNESOTA.	
Bills — dis	Bank St Paul	10	dis
N. C. CAROLINA.		CANADA.	
Bills — dis	Solv bills	1	dis
ALABAMA.		FLORIDA.	
Bills — dis	State bk	—	dis

WERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.
GRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Fike's Peak gold
ry, in Kanana. MISCELLANEOUS ENIG-
A good name will shine forever." RID-
Health. REDUS—Wound—Infer—Cave
Laure—Occasion—Wound.

He wish
riage, rush
from his v